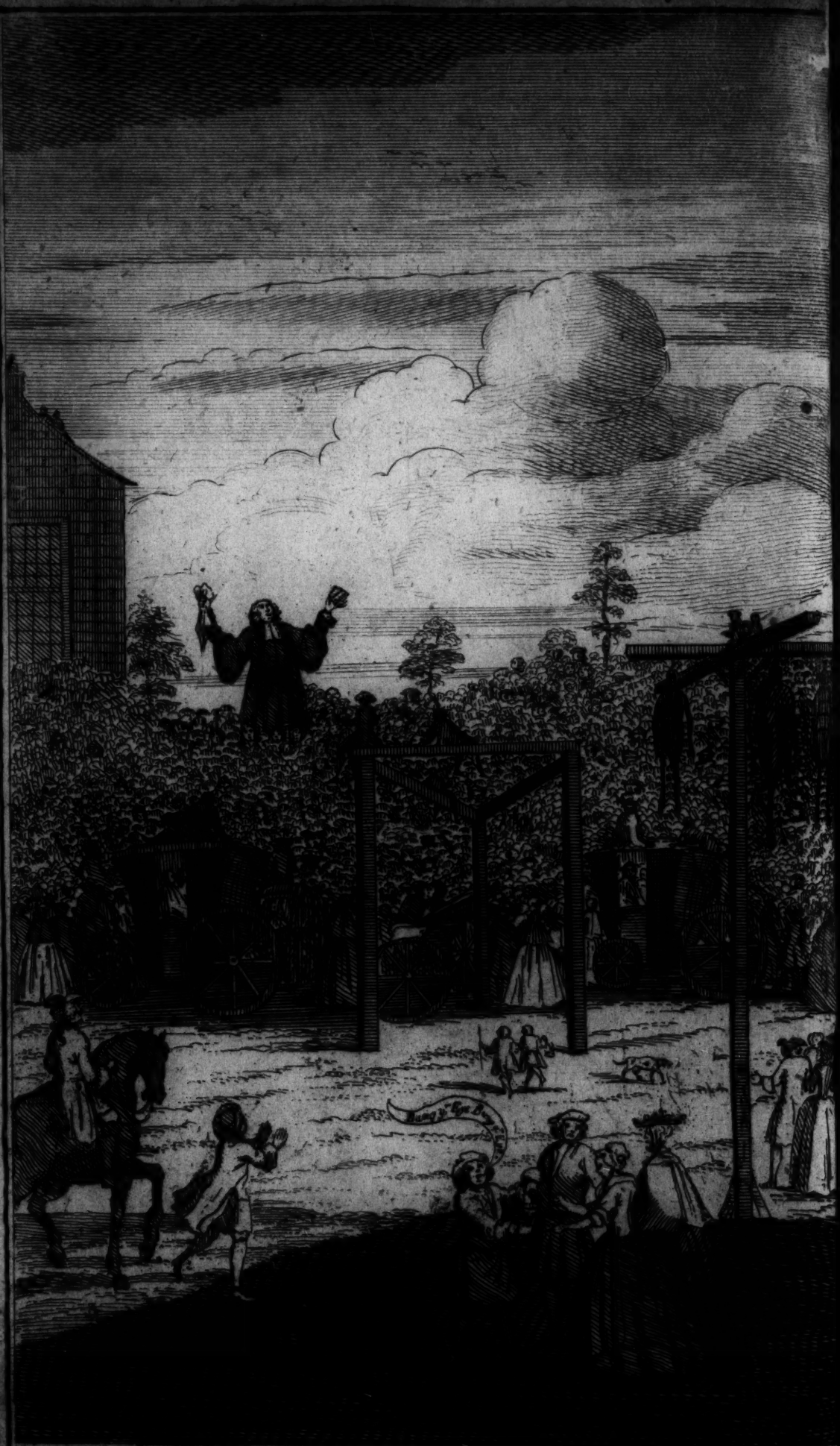

The Revd Mr. Whitfield Preaching on Kennington Common

THE METHODISTS.

An HUMOROUS

Burleſque Poem;

ADDRESS'D to the

Rev. Mr. *WHITEFIELD* and his FOLLOWERS:

Proper to be bound up with his Sermons, and the Journals of his Voyage to *Georgia*, &c.

Their Faith *(which they often mention) you will find an ill-grounded* Aſſurance, *their* Hope, *an unwarrantable* Preſumption, *and their* Charity, Cenſoriouſneſs, *and a* Contempt *of their Brethren of different Sentiments.*

The Revd. Mr. LAND's *Letter.*

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BRETT, oppoſite St. *Clement's* Church in the *Strand*, 1739.

(Price 6 d.)

THE
METHODISTS, &c.

ALL Men who're not of Senſe bereav'd,
Think, or hope they ſhall be ſav'd;
All point the *Place*, but every Day,
Some one finds out a different Way:
Wilful thro' Hedges, Thorns and Briars,
Some ſteer the Courſe to their Deſires;
Some ſplaſh along thro' thick and thin,
And hope the Road-way to get in;
While others would the Foot Path ſeek,
But that the *Stiles* their Meaſures break.
Tho' on whatever Way they light,
Each is prepared to prove it right;
Each has his *Prophet* and his *Guide*,
Who's true alone, all's wrong beſide:

Still there are Fools who will uphold
Whatever Doctrines they unfold,
Who ſpend the Pittance which they get
Their Saints to *cloath*, to *feed*, and *treat*;
Each has Adorers in all Verges
From *Calvin* down to *Daniel Burgeſs*.
Religion was at firſt deſign'd
To mend the Morals and the Mind,
The Fountain Spring, whence firſt aroſe
The *trueſt Truth* the Chriſtian knows,
Pure and untainted flow'd along,
Serenely calm, yet heav'nly ſtrong;
While thro' the fair reſplendent Tide,
Mercy we ſaw with *Truth* ally'd,
Till Error, growing from ſtrange Dreams,
Muddied its Banks, and ſoil'd its Streams:
So many Rivulets they drew,
Cut the firm Bank ſo often through,
The Source could ſcarce their Wants ſupply,
At laſt they almoſt left it dry.
From holy *Paul* the *Grecian* Church,
Firſt learn'd the Holy Writ to ſearch;
Papiſts from *Peter* date their Reign,
His Relicks and his Keys maintain.
Hence abs'lute Sway long Time they held,
And Force by good Church Guile repell'd,
Was there a Prince who would not own
Supremacy of Papal Throne?
I is *Holineſs*, in Paſſion, ſtrait,
As HEAVEN'S TURNKEY ſhut the Gate,

Nor

Nor wou'd he ope the ſingle Hatch,
Or e'en ſo much as lift a Latch,
Unleſs, like other Goalers, he
Had firſt of all received a Fee;
And then their *Garniſh* having paid,
His Doors were ſtraightway open laid;
He bleſs'd, unbleſs'd, wou'd damn, or ſave
As Folks were poor, or Preſents gave.
Chriſt he unchriſted by his Pride,
Making himſelf the only Guide;
Since ſuch the Vertue of his *Chair*,
Which *Europe* did ſo long revere,
That let him riſe by juſt Degree,
From *Conclave* to the *Holy See*;
When *Cardinal* however vile,
Us'd to all worldly Fraud and Guile,
Tho' of each Vice, each Crime poſſeſt,
That e'er polluted human Breaſt,
Yet clap without Remorſe or Dread,
The *Triple Crown* upon his Head,
Then ſpite of all the Pow'rs of H---ll,
He muſt be deem'd *Infallible*.

Mankind, whene'er the Church doth ride,
Will ſure be gall'd on either Side.
Have you not in a Sand Cart ſeen
A poor dull Aſs, half ſtarv'd, and lean?
When to his daily Task he ſtoops,
Or overcome with Labour droops,
Th' unhuman Driver from his Back,
A Piece of Fleſh doth quickly hack,

Then to the Wound he plies his Whip,
And makes the ſluggiſh Creature skip?
So *Prieſtly Drivers* ſtill provide,
The *Aſs like Laity* to guide;
From Sin to Sin they laſh away,
And then for Pardons make 'em pay.
On Catholicks (who ne'er could fail)
Yet ſome did vilely turn their Tail;
The King, who then thought he could rule,
Was forc'd to be a *Romiſh* Tool,
His Crown and all at their Diſpoſe;
(And who would care his Crown to loſe)
'Till ſeveral, weary of his Pow'r,
Vow'd they wou'd own him Lord no more.
Whence in due Form the Regents met,
Their cunning Heads together ſet,
Againſt his *Bull*, a *Bull* they draw,
And in his Conduct find a Flaw;
To Heav'n ſubmitting all the reſt,
They enter then their joint PROTEST.
And hence the glorious Cauſe th' advance,
Aſſign'd to us call'd *Proteſtants*,
The Yoke ſhook off, each buſy Sect,
Swear they are truly of the ELECT,
That *inward Grace* they all inherit,
And are free Denizens o'th' SPIRIT.
Religion, thus undreſt, put on
Each other Day a diff'rent Gown.
Now robed in unſoil'd White, ſhe ſmil'd
Like Innocence, and Truth's good Child;

Which

Which when thwarted, Prieſts could make
Quiet, with Sugar Plums and Cake,
From Superſtition lately come,
And cleans'd from all the Filth of *Rome*,
With Hands and Face new waſh'd ſhe ſeem'd
Much Fairer than was ever deem'd:
Hence all with gladſome Joy purſue
A Nymph ſo fair ſet up to View.
By various Ways each ſtrives t'obtain
Her Favours, and the Fair-one gain.
To thoſe of Conſcience clear and right,
Of Spirit pure, and Heart contrite,
A choſen Few, her Hand ſhe yields,
Brightens their Thoughts, their Actions gilds;
The reſt diſgrac'd, and full of Shame,
With angry Viſage flout the Dame,
Firſt ſeek to cry her Virtues down
That they may magnify their own;
But finding this wrong in the Event,
They fly to their laſt grand Attempt.
All Ornaments they ſtraight condemn,
None can be ſav'd but ſuch as them.
All Dreſs is bad, it Pride denotes,
He goes to Hell who has two Coats.
Learning and that go down at once----
---- You're ſurely d----d unleſs a Dunce;
If rich, nought can your Peace reſtore,
But every Farthing to the Poor;
No matter if you ſtarve yourſelf----
---- Religion ſcorns the want of Pelf---

Next they the Fair One's Form revile---
--- Sin lurks beneath a chearful Smile:
If pleas'd,--- nor Tears flow from her Eye,
Her Looks are wanton then they cry.
Thus they the true Religion meet,
Whom as a *Proſtitute* they treat;
Coining new Fictions in their Brains,
Where Envy guides, and Malice reigns;
Each dreſſes up ſome lewd vile Form,
As idle Fancy ſhews t' adorn;
Then bending to the falſe one's Shrine,
Each ſwears it needs muſt be divine:
In Modes and Forms they differ ſtill,
Determin'd Fate, or Man's *Freewill.*
And change as much in every Saint,
As Lovers when a *Fair* they paint.
From trivial Things, nor right nor wrong,
Oft Maſſacres and Wars have ſprung.
The *Church confirm'd*, what Land ſo e'er
'Tis in, let every Man revere.
All that thro' grumbling Diſcontent
Do formally from that diſſent;
Chuſe not Religion for their Guide,
But do't thro' Haughtineſs and Pride.
How impious Man turns Things divine,
Changes *Religion's* ſacred Shrine,
From the firſt Founder's great Deſign,
That *now* the Controverſy proves
The Spring that every *Faction* moves;

When

When Princes war, and Millions bleed,
Religion's Name inſpires the Deed!
That makes the cunning *Caſuiſt* mute,
And *Coblers* in their Stalls diſpute:
It ſerves all Ranks for ſome Pretence,
The Bad Man's Screen, the Good's Defence.
King's uſe it ill-got Fame to fix,
And *Churchmen* for a *Coach and Six.*
Love it creates and *Unity*---
Who for's Opinion *would not die?*
And *Miſchief* makes among each other,
Who, for it, would not kill his Brother?
Tho' all the Nation diſagree,
Yet each believes he's right as we.
And when to *Loggerheads* they fall,
This ſhort Deciſion ends it all,
Who has the ſtrongeſt Arm and Sword,
Is moſt entitled to G---- Word,
They gain their *Paradice* by Force,
And all the reſt are wrong of Courſe.
Hail Liberty! Dear *Britain*, hail!
Where *Conſcience Free* doth ſtill prevail;
Others have Paths which they muſt go,
And muſt not think, or ſpeak, but *ſo!*
None dare *diſſent* in foreign Lands,
'Tis there what King and Prieſt commands;
But here we're all ſo unconfin'd,
You'll ſcarce find *Two* of the ſame Mind.
We cavil, tho' it laſts not long,
Each proudly *hugs* himſelf i'th' *wrong.*

From

From good *Eliza*'s Days to theſe,
Th' ESTABLISH'D CHURCH hath been at Eaſe,
Open herſelf, honeſt and juſt,
She knew no Guile, and no Miſtruſt;
Her Temper lenitive and mild,
On all Men with Indulgence ſmil'd.
Hence vile deſigning Sects aroſe,
Her ſeeming *Friends*, yet greateſt *Foes*;
An honeſt * *Butcher* firſt began
The holy *Anabaptiſts* Clan:
The eaſy Forms preſcribed by Law,
Which for the *Church's* Font we draw;
They, with Enthuſiaſm mad,
Condemn'd as lukewarm, cold, and bad;
Preſcrib'd themſelves ſet Rules and Ways,
Like METHODISTS of modern Days,
The outward Garb was all was ſhown,
Religion's Eſſence quite unknown.
Pacific *James*'s lazy Reign,
To Him and *England* both a Stain,
Nurs'd various Sects, and brought to Light
Fiends from the darkeſt Climes of Night;
Which ſtill continued ſpawning on,
Until to *Myriads* now they're grown.
ROME, baffled in her former Arts,
New Ways contrived to captive Hearts:
Her truſty Friend, Old *Lucifer*,
Who to her Aid is always near,

(The

* *Jack* of *Leyden*.

(The *Conclave* call'd) Attendance gave,
And thus advis'd their Cauſe to ſave;
" Sink not my Friends beneath your Weight,
" Nor think me careleſs of your State,
" Think not your darling *Britain*'s loſt,
" Becauſe your firſt grand Schemes are croſt;"
On *France* and *Spain* you ſtill beſtow
Your Nod; and to that Nod they bow;
There let Dragoons, in ſacred Fight,
Aſſert your juſt undoubted Right;
There, if a Man of Conſcience nice,
Dare once diſpute 'gainſt *You*, or *Vice*,
Let them, without Remorſe or Pains,
Moſt *piouſly* knock out his Brains:
But *Engliſhmen*, who're rougher caſt,
And think they're made of better Paſte,
There is no Way, as I conceive,
By *Force* to make thoſe *Dogs* believe,
Or to the *Holy Church* preſerve 'em,
Without you ſteal their BEEF and ſtarve 'em;
Yet, cunning Souls! they think they know
More than all Men beſides 'em do.
For *Novelties* in State or Church,
They leave all *old ones* in the Lurch,
To aught that's new they fly elate---
----Take my Advice there fix the Bait,
Your truſty Emiſſaries ſend,
Some Prieſts on whom you may depend,
Your Church let them with Rancour d----n,
Your Tenets and your Relicks blame,

To

To various Sects let them divide,
And by ſmall Sluices drein the Tide:
Extremes the ſooneſt take the Mind,
That's ever wav'ring, unconfin'd;
He that's *too Holy*'s near allied
To him that hath all *Good denied*.
Your Faſts, your Matins, Purgatories,
Your Floggings, Pardons, other Stories,
And all your *o'erſtrain'd* Pieties
My Friends! have made my Kingdom riſe,
And fill'd my large *Domains* much more
Than all the *Atheiſts* heretofore.
The *Engliſh Church* too mod'rate ſeems,
She laughs at, and avoids Extremes.
Too *honeſt* to imbibe my *Schooling*,
Too *ſolid* to be caught by *Fooling*;
Yet from her *Good* I'll draw this *Ill*,
Her *Charity* ſhall hurt her ſtill;
Indulgence ſhe to none denies,
But ſees their Faults with pity'ng Eyes;
On this blind Side then let us ſtrike,
A *tender Conſcience* much I like,
Thoſe that thro' Self-Conceit and Pride,
Allow no Truths but where they guide;
Theſe, theſe (my Sons) do ſtill inherit
The ſtrongeſt Influ'nce of my Spirit,
With theſe at once then, let's begin,
I'll ſcrew 'em to a Pitch *'gainſt* Sin,
So near they ſha'n't know when they're *in*.

Have

Have I not e'er befriended well
You, who have ſerv'd the Cauſe of H---ll;
When *Charles*, with Sanctity inſpir'd,
And with *too much* Devotion fir'd,
In Pray'rs and Faſting never ſped,
Becauſe his People *ſtole* his Head?
Did I not ſend my Spirits forth,
To find me out my Men of Worth?
To *Taylors* taught the *Preaching* Trade,
Brewers and Coblers *Noncons* made,
Who in Cravats, and formal Bands
Exclaim'd 'gainſt *laying on of Hands*;
Who'd plainly prove their very Cloaks
Were primitive and orthodox;
Who *fin'd* patch'd *Whores of Babylon*,
And drove Embroid'ry out of Town;
Nor ſtopp'd I at one Sect alone!
The grand Attack, for you deſign'd,
(Tho' you lay quite purdue behind)
Began by *Light-horſe Presbyters*,
Who ſcarce could fail being Conquerors,
Since *Baxter* ſtole St. *Michael's* Spear,
And with it brought up *Calmy's* Rear:
Quakers indeed refus'd to fight,
But they threw Dirt when out of Sight;
And then from ſeveral Quarters came
(With various Views yet equal Aim)
The many *Fry* ſpawn'd by the Church,
Who then had left her in the Lurch,

Like Ducklings hatch'd beneath a Hen,
Who, when their Foſter quits her Pen,
Tho' by her Cacklings bid beware,
And of the dang'rous Pool take Care,
Her Doctrine mind not, but leap in
The firſt they ſee, and from her *ſwim.*
So foſter'd by the Church there roſe,
To ſting her Heart, a *Hoſt of Foes,*
(Like Vermin, which bred out of Meat,
The Subſtance which firſt form'd 'em eat)
Arians, Arminians, Antinomians,
Nonjurors, Baptiſts, Muggletonians,
Predeſtinarians, and *King-Killers,*
Fools, Madmen, Sots, Freewillers,
To theſe a long *& cætera,*
Who all remain unto this Day.
And pack their *Faiths* as *Neſts of Boxes,*
Which hold a thouſand *Orthodoxies,*
Where each without or Thought or Wit,
May find one to his *Conſcience* fit.
Theſe *Snakes,* O pious ROME thou ſhed'ſt,
And round the *ſacred Meadow* ſpread'ſt;
Where long they've roam'd ſecure from Harm,
Knowing, when once they meet Alarm,
Thou, *Viper-like,* with open Jaw,
Wait'ſt to receive 'em in thy *Maw.*
Nor think, my Sons! 'cauſe I have held,
My Arts almoſt an Age repell'd,
That I will *ever* leave i'th' Lurch,
My only *Darling, Mother Church.*

No

No learn my Friends! that for your good,
I've form'd a new religious Brood,
Where all the various Sects in *One*,
In my *Alembick* mixt are thrown,
Whence I ſuch Doctrines will diſtill
Shall grant thee ſoon, O *Rome!* thy Will.
The *reſt* the Churches Power *denied*,
And *openly* their *Forms* defied,
But theſe by other Means purſue
The *glorious Work* they have in View,
They with the Church eſtabliſh'd *join*,
Its Pow'r the more to undermine.
By *Rule* they *eat*, by *Rule* they *drink*,
Do all things elſe by Rule but *think*.
Accuſe their *Prieſts* of looſe Behaviour,
To get more in the *Laymens* Favour,
Method alone muſt guide 'em all,
Whence METHODISTS, themſelves, they call,
Here I my Triumphs fix to come,
And here ſhalt thou fix thine, O *Rome!*
But as a *Prophet*'s neceſſary
To lead Men who from *Truth* wou'd vary,
I've found out one that ſuits my Mind,
By Nature for the *Cauſe* deſign'd,
Not * *Wickliff*'s Self was greater deem'd,
Or * *Fox* or * *Naylor* more eſteem'd;
Nor all the Heads of ſmooth *Noncons*,
The canting Reformation Dons,

* All Innovators in Religion, and Chiefs of the moſt prevailing Sects.

Not *Burgeſs*, *Baxter*, nor *Delaune*,
Such Multitudes as him have drawn.
When like a *Father* I ſurvey
My *Sons* who've help'd ſupport my Sway ;
Like *Berecynthia* looking round,
A Thouſand Joys my Sight confound;
To pleaſe my ſtill admiring Eyes
A Thouſand *Paſt'ral Sons* ariſe ;
Belov'd are they, but this *one* laſt,
Steals from my Doatage all the paſt ;
On him, my riſing Hopes, I fix
My artful *Viſor*, and my *Tricks*.
Shew which ſhall Saints themſelves deceive,
And all my Honours loſt retrieve ;
He *Faith* and *Zeal* ſo well ſhall *paint*,
That ſome ſhall think e'en him a Saint ;
For ſince plain *Vice* is nauſeous grown,
Falſe *Piety* goes glibly down,
And *hard*, *o'erſtraining fiery* ZEAL,
As *Atheiſm* do's as well.
On him ye Catholicks rely,
He'll do your Buſineſs bye and bye.
To him prepare a *new-form'd Shrine*,
Let *W----d* 'mong your *Legends* ſhine.
In every *Century* 'tis ſaid,
Time hath a Revolution made,
He comes *en Temps* to execute,
The glorious Projects you've on Foot,
The rolling Years come on a-pace,
And *Moments* ſwiftly *Minutes* chace,

To haſten on impending Fate,
Big with another FORTY-ERGHT *.
Thus ſpake the Fiend, the Scarlet Hoſt,
All ſtrive which ſhall applaud him moſt;
And ſtrait return (no Form to loſe)
The general Thanks of all the Houſe.
SATAN well pleas'd his Congee make,
And then himſelf to Work betakes:
Swifter than Light'ning ſee him come,
To *Oxon*'s Colleges from *Rome*;
But as he came, I ſhould have ſaid
The wond'rous Tou'r that he made,
How from a travelling *Turk* he ſtole
The Madneſs of his bigot Soul,
And dreſs'd it to his Purpoſe fit,
With all a *Modern Atheiſt*'s Wit,
Then drench'd it dull and deep again
In a *learned Dutchman*'s Brain;
He robb'd a *Noncon Parſon's* Noſe
Of all its Tone, for *Pangs* and *Throws*,
(The certain Signs of *inward Grace*;)
The wild *Diſtortions* of a Face;
He from a helpleſs Damſel took
Who had her Virgin Roſe-bud broke;
And to avoid all publick Blame,
In Secret huddled up her Shame:

With

* The D——l having gone thro' his Speech, in order to recommend his *new Favourite*, ends at laſt accord ng to his uſual *Method*.

A *formal Phiz*, dreſs'd up with Art,
To melt ſome poor old Woman's Heart:
With theſe away old *Satan* flew,
Till *O--f---d's* Chimnies met his View.
On holy *P--mbr--k's* ragged Top
He firſt of all did chuſe to ſtop;
There ſpread his dusky Dew around,
To quite *unconſecrate* the Ground;
Then to his *fav'rite Wh--tf--d* flies;
But firſt, becauſe he'd not ſurprize,
One to his Heart and Mind ſo dear,
He choſe his horrid Form to clear,
He ſtraightway *ſhod* his *Cloven Foot*,
Pull'd off his *Horns* and all to boot;
Then dreſs'd him in a Student's Gown,
And thus equipp'd to * GEORGE went down.
He found the Dinner on the Table,
All eating faſt as they were able,
(For METHODISTS ſtill love to *eat*,
And always fondly praiſe a Treat †)
The *Fiend* ſurveys his Club with Joy,
And gladly hugs each holy BOY:
Praiſes their *Courage* who dare preach
Againſt what all their Elders teach:
And think themſelves ſo very wiſe,
All others boldly to deſpiſe.
The *Church* they own'd had once been good,
Waſh'd clean by Martyrs holy Blood;

But

* The Reverend Mr. *George W———d*, A. B.
† To prove this true ſee ſeveral Places in his Journal.

But now ſo very bad was grown,
All Decency was overthrown;
And they and only they could claim,
A *Method* to reform the ſame;
But leſt the Men of Senſe ſhou'd flout 'em,
Or of Diſhoneſty miſdoubt 'em,
'Twas neceſſary firſt to raiſe
A Party, to ſound forth their Praiſe,
And no Way better than the Common,
Of getting in firſt with the *Women*;
Since they do ſeldom e'er diſpute
Or argue, cavil, or confute,
And yet whate'er they think is good
Have wond'rous Tongues to ſpread abroad.
With them a *formal Manner*'s ſure
Always to work a preſent Cure;
To move by *Rule*, and pious ſeem,
Fixes at once their frail Eſteem;
Beſides by this two Points they gain,
Their *utmoſt Wiſhes* to obtain;
For while their *inward Thoughts* they ſcan,
They edify the *Outward Man.*
What *Maid* wou'd not be holy kiſt?
Or who her Teacher can reſiſt?
Or when he tells her of her H-----n
What Bleſſings thence to all are giv'n,
Which after Death ſhe's ſure to meet;
The dear Temptation is ſo ſweet.
In thoſe ſoft Moments, (all the Soul unbent)
The Maid on heavenly Joys intent,

Who

Who could withſtand the pleaſing Proffer,
Or withſtand the pious Lecher's Offer?
Say wou'd ſhe not in her *New Birth*,
Know ſome Part of her *Heav'n* on *Earth*?
If they to Godlineſs give way,
Then warmly puſh the am'rous Play---
A *Devotee* is ſooneſt won----
----Who feels more *Paſſion* than a NUN?---
And ev'ry Prieſt declares abroad,
Religion is a charming B---d.
This luſtful *Girard* knew full well,
He all the Arts of Love could tell,
And knew that Holineſs cou'd chear
To Love, the Heart of young *Cadiere*.
She ſigh'd---- He preach'd--- his Influ'nce own'd,
Then pray'd--- and ſtrait the Damſel ſwoon'd:
And thus bereav'd, and of all Senſe forſook,
The crafty Goat the proper METHODS took;
Begun firſt with *Regeneration*,
Then mounts to *Superogation*.
Ceaſe ye Town Rakes old Ways t'explore,
Or aim at Gaiety to Wh---re;
Alter your *Rules*, new *Methods* try,
To your Inſtructor *Wh--tf---d* fly;
There learn to ogle, whine, and cant,
For Love and for Religion pant;
And while *one* Eye to Heav'n ye ſend,
The *other* on your Miſtreſs bend,
She'll chearfully obey your Task,
Hid under ſuch a *Viſor Mask*;

When

When with gay Arts the Lover tries
To charm ſome youthful fair one's Eyes,
To look more lovely he puts on
Each Beauty that ſhe may be won;
Fearful, the Parent watches cloſe,
Leſt he his darling Daughter loſe;
The very Name of *Rake* alarms him,
His gay Addreſs to Anger warms him;
His Form may gain the Maiden's Heart,
And loveſick Notions ſoon impart.
--- He's ſtrait forbid the Houſe,--- but change
The Scene,---- then ſee the Turn how ſtrange!
Put on a formal Gown and Band,
Then take her gently by the Hand,
Tell her no *earthly* Thoughts employ
Your Mind, but heavenly Joy;
That all you mean by't in the Whole,
Is *Care* for her *immortal Soul*,
She yields to the deluſive Dream,
Till Fancy turns it to *Eſteem*;
The Parents caught too by the Guile,
On the young Doctor's Labours ſmile,
The Daughter's his, and thus the Imp,
The *Spirit*, makes the *Fleſh*'s *Pimp*.
Fir'd with ſuch Views our *Modern Clan*,
Their *Scheme Chimerical* began,
At College firſt elate with Pride,
To ſeem *more wiſe* than all beſide;
As if they knew the Scripture Phraſe,
More than the Sires of ancient Days;

And to ſeduce the unthinking Herd,
They all agree with one Accord
To *ſeem* more righteous than their Neighbours,
And more expoſe their pious Labours,---
--- A Sett they form at Times to meet,
Preaching and praying in the Street.
As *Pride* and *Oſtentation* move
All Sects, ev'n from the firſt above *,
So was't in this;--- deſpairing all,
To anſwer their Orig'nal Call,
To gain themſelves the *Vulgar Fame*,
At *Innovations* drive their Aim;
From ſolid Senſe, and Virtue fly,
To join the mean, and giddy Fry;
And whilſt to MERIT Heav'n they'd ſeem,
They're loſt in a vain *worldly* Dream.
Firſt from a trifling Thing begun,
Unheeded by the Wiſe they run,
Wh---te---d, the *W--ſl--y's*, chief o't' Clan,
And *B----n*, pious worthy Man!
All Men of Thought with Laughter view,
Or pity the miſtaken Crew,
Who *mad* with *Scripture*, void of Senſe,
And thoughtleſs; NOVELISTS commence,
Swerve from the Rules of *Mother Church*,
And leave her baſely in the Lurch;
Next they preſcribe a Path to go,
Which may their future Conduct ſhew,

And

* Where Ambition drove *Lutiſer* on to METHODISE ev'n *Heaven*.

And by *Inſinuations* vile,
From their *Great Maſter* take their Stile.
New Follies charm the Vulgar Mind,
Who're to all true Diſtinction blind:
And he will ne'er be thought a Cheat
Who tol'rably can counterfeit;
To holy *Holt* they all repair,
There join in *Folly*, and in Pray'r;
Next round the *Jails* they hov'ring fly,
To plague the Wretches e'er they die;
And while the Children liſp their Praiſe,
Bleſs 'em! each good old Woman ſays.
When *Atheiſts* rail 'gainſt Pow'r divine,
Or ridicule our Saviour's Shrine,
The impious Deed with Horror ſtrikes,
And, ſhudd'ring each the Speech diſlikes;
When open *Blaſphemy* we hear,
It needs muſt ſhock a modeſt Ear.
How much are they then more to blame,
Who to avoid all publick Shame,
In ſly and cunning Windings turn,
And while they ſeem with Zeal to burn,
Straining *Religion* to the Height,
They ſtretch the Strings, then crack 'em quite?
Hence *Mod'rate* People, ſtrictly juſt,
And who to *Senſe* and *Reaſon* truſt;
Seeing *Enthuſiaſm* plain,
Think all *Religion* ſtarch'd and vain,
And when it is ſo *odious* dreſt,
The very Thoughts of it deteſt.

So *Quacks* who Cenſure wou'd eſcape,
The beſt *Phyſicians* ſeem to *ape*,
Run up and down, and on each Stage,
The vulgar Rabble ſtrive t'engage;
Their Leſſon's dull tho' got by Rote,
They're known by their *embroider'd Coat*:
Their formal Cant, forc'd *Terms of Art*,
That from a *Greenſick Fancy* ſtart;
You all may know, it is agreed,
A Doctor *R---k*, from Doctor *M---d*.
Thus in *Religion* there are Quacks,
Who in their own Opinion Wax
Righteous, ev'n to the firſt Degree,
Before they know what Life ſhould be,
And varying ſtill from Place to Place,
Vend *Packets* out, of *Truth* and *Grace*;
And by their *Pills* and *Potions* kill
Patients who only *think* they're ill;
And who *well meaningly* receive
All *Boluſſes* theſe *Pſeudo's* give.
Half learn'd, half ign'rant, half wiſe,
A Foe to *Truth*, a Friend to all *Diſguiſe*;
From the College, ſee, they iſſue forth,
And aim at Lowlineſs and Worth;
The *W--ſl--y's* view, ſleek *Wh--te--d* ſee,
Th' *Archbiſhop* of *Humility*;
When *humble Minds* they boaſt too much,
That *Lowlineſs* in *Pride* is loſt;
And Oſtentation fills the Mind,
So much as Vanity we find.

Mark

Mark *Triſtram* full of mimic Grace,
Knight of the gloomy forr'wful Face;
See him a frail Applauſe to gain,
From even *lawful* Joys refrain,
(That is, in publick, for alone,
To them each Vice, each Crime is known;
And what by *Day-light* they deſcry
In *Darkneſs* they would gladly try):
Frail Sons of *Fleſh*, for all their talking,
Who daily vicious Paths are walking;
At *Briſtol* firſt he opes his Packet,
'Mongſt *Kingſwood* Colliers makes a racket,
From Chairs, Joint-ſtools, and Garden-walls
He to the *unconverted* calls;
" * *New Lights, Dark Lanthorns!* all attend,
" The Lord his Meſſenger doth ſend;
" Mark him in ME---- here take this Cup,
" To Night ye ſhall with *J*---- ſup.
Strange Meſſage! and no Whit to change
Th' *Ambaſſador* himſelf's as ſtrange;
So much that † *Tomo* 'd be aſham'd
And by the very *Indians* blam'd,
Should he an *Embaſſdy* commit
To one no more than *Wh----t---d* fit,
Yet ſaucily he ſays 'tis giv'n,
To Him---the *Plenipo of Heaven*;
Nay more that he is here
Director General and *Primier*.

His

* Names given to his Followers; ſee his Journal.
† *Tomo Chachi*.

His Servant * *Joſeph*'s better far,
Than He or *We---ly* either are.
Now grown elate and puff'd with Pride,
See him in pious Triumph ride!
Next Georgia could not quiet reſt,
Of fertile Lands, and Peace poſſeſt,
Thither the *Baleful Comets* ſpreads,
His Influence the Col'ny dreads,
He to the *Palatines* may preach,
But let him not the *Engliſh* teach;
The *Mulberries* neglected lye,
And *the poor helpleſs Silkworms* dye.
For free from him, ſhe ſmiles --- and vain
Are all the fierce Attacks of *Spain.*
From *Graveſend*'s Mount the Preacher comes,
From *Woolwich* anſwer him---ye Bombs!
Deal thou art bleſt! thy Beauty 'll ſhine
Conſign'd to Fame in every Line!
Next He the martial Courage dares,
Nor even General S---*e* fears,
With every Sect he'll gladly join
But his chief Pride, O *Rome!* is thine.
In *Jeſuitic* Notions fixt,
Tho' with each baſe *Alloy* 'tis mixt:
Foul from the *Font* the Metal flows,
Nor loſes Droſs, nor finer grows.
With Piety *Gibraltar*'s fill'd,
The L--d his Temple there doth build,

'Mongſt

* See the Praiſes beſtow'd on him in the Journal.

'Mongſt *Scotſmen*, Presbyterians Quakers,
Drunkards, Swearers, Sabbath-breakers;
At Sea he prays, at Land he eats,
Fond alike of Truth and Treats:
But being ſick the Captain's bleſt,
His Cordial gave his Stomach reſt;
Sin on then Captain! never look,
Heav'n gives thee Credit in its Book *.
From *Georgia* drove, the *Saint* once more,
Comes plaguing this unhappy Shore.
O *Britain!* Miſerable Land!
Fools of all Sorts ſtill crowd thy Strand!
Projectors, *Chymiſts*, *Prieſts* of *Rome!*
French Prophets, *Pietiſts*, all come,
And now to crown 'em all in one,
The METHODISTS the Work have done.
Hail, O Saint *Wh---tf---d*, *Ape of Grace*,
Thou holy Sinner, with a formal Face;
Go on ſecure in ſelfiſh Pride,
The Clergy and the Church deride:
Like a young *Pelican*, with Stomach good,
Prey on thy *Mother*'s vital Blood;
The Place that foſter'd thee deſpiſe,
And by *Enthuſiaſm* riſe;
Content thyſelf to lead the *Throng*,
And charm the Vulgar right or wrong.
When T---PP, with ſolid, laſting Senſe,
Diſplays thy fatal Influence,

Stare

* See the Journal, p. 29.

Stare thou the Reverend Preacher in the Face;
And squint and sleer at all he says:
Let Boys and Girls thy Foll'wers be,
While Men of Sense thy Converse flee;
Religion's sacred Name degrade,
And sink thy Calling to a *Trade*.
For *Orphans*, Charity --- always,
By fictitious Means the Money raise;
Rob *Masters* of their *Servant's Time*,
And rifle *Beauty* in its *Prime*,
Make *Wives* their Husbands rob, and then
Sing them a *Hymn*, and rob ag'n.
Preach, chatter, throw thy Arms and prate,
Be formal as thou can'st, and cheat;
But know howe'er you've form'd your Plan,
The MORAL is the HONEST Man.

F I N I S.